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Charlotte Dashwood
from Sylvia Perry Herrick
Nov. 8th 1867.

VBD(—) Gothic

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The Better Land

by

Mrs HEMANS

Illuminated

by

HELEN BAKER

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY DAY & SON, (LIMITED) LITH. GATE ST.T W.C.

To
the memory of
MY MOTHER
&
towards
the restoration of
MY BROTHER'S
ABURAH.

THE alliance between Poetry and Painting is strict and close; it rises from natural affinity, and it manifests itself in all the cognate arts of a well-nigh common life. They are but twin flowers growing from the same root—sisters in the imperial family of Genius.

"Nor same, nor yet diverse of mood,
But as befits sweet sisterhood."

One common root unites together all the glowing progeny.

It is therefore fit and natural that this beautiful Poem of Mrs. Hemans should be the text around which high Art should emblazon its fancy-led glories.

I believe that all who themselves are gifted with the power of appreciating beauty will thoroughly appreciate the genius which has designed, and the skill which has executed, these Illustrations.

The proceeds of the sale are devoted to the Restoration or Rebuilding of Ramsden Church, a building sorely needing such treatment, and I trust that this beautiful Book may, by the funds it will supply, impart some of its own fairness of feature to that which ought in every parish to be according to its degree magnifical, in honour of Him who is to be worshipped in it.

S. Oxon.

Addresdon Palace,

December 17th, 1866.

Child
I hear Thee speak of the BETTER LAND.
Thou callest its children a happy band.
MOTHER! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows.
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs?
Mother
Not there,
Not there, MY CHILD.

Child
Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands on glittering seas.
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze.
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Mother
Not there,
not there My Child.

Child
Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there sweet Mother that Better Land
Mother
Not there,
not there My Child.

Mother

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!

Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—

Sorrow and death may not enter there:

Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom,

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there;
It is there My Child.

A REST
For Ever
Death
Good
Mercy
Promised
Christ

MATTHEW
JAMES
LEBBEUS
SIMON
MATTHIAS
THOMAS
JOHN
LOWLW
BARTHO.
PHILIP
JAMES
ANDREW
PETER
SIMON S
O sweet and blessed country,
The home of GODS elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect.

The Glory equal the coeternal
IESU in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father;
And Spirit, ever blest.
The Godhead of the FATHER & of the SON & of the HOLY GHOST is all One

Almighty God
grant us grace
that we may
always serve him
in purity of life
and righteousness
all the days
of our life
through
our Lord
Jesus Christ
who liveth
and reigneth
with thee
and the Holy
Ghost
ever one
God
world
without
end
Amen